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Northern Messenger

W Brunscombe 30 Dec 09

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'For a bit of Sunday reading commend me to the "Northern Messenger."—W. S. Jamieson, Dalton, Ont.

Thy Will.

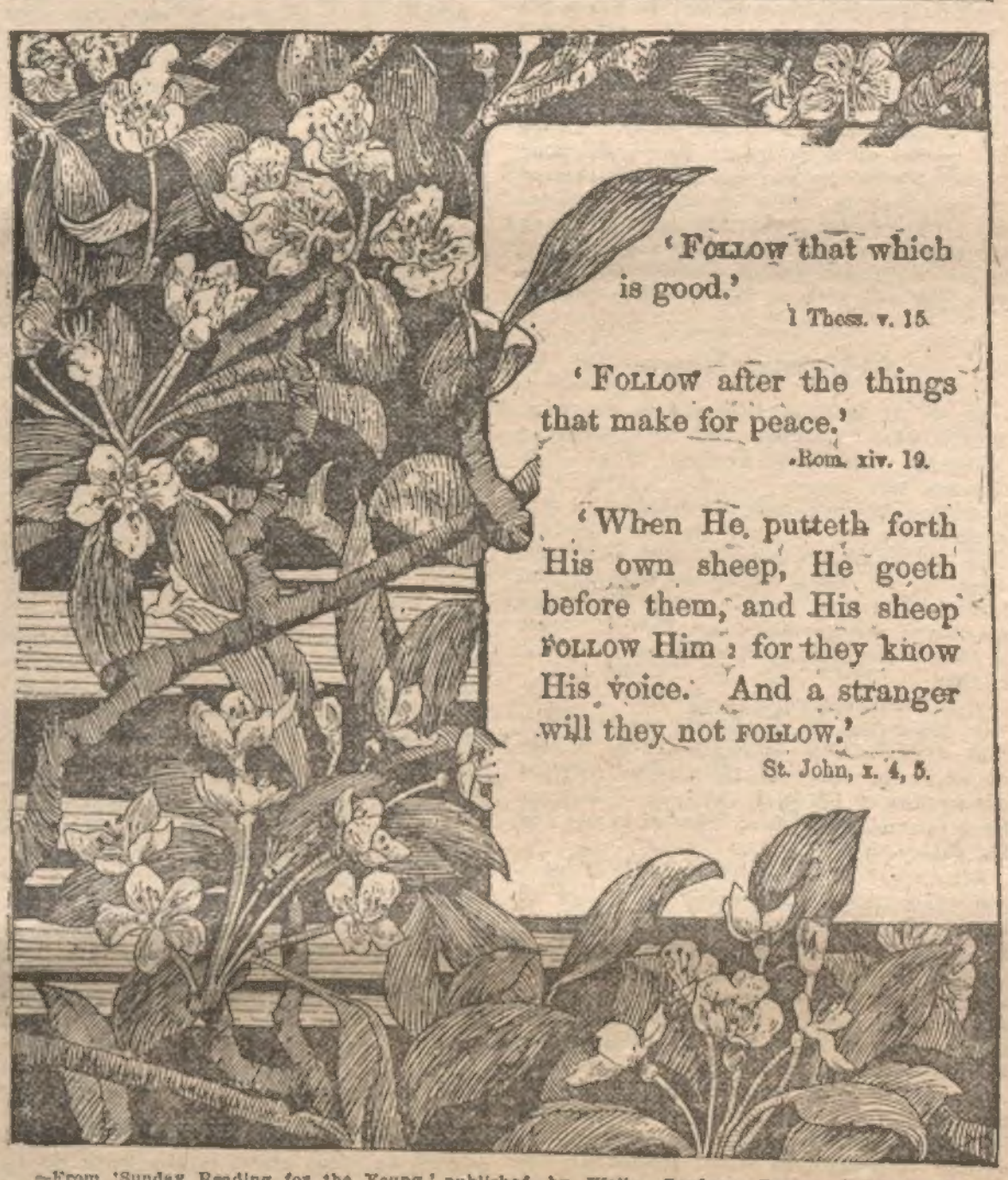
The bells of redemption are pealing to-day,
How sweetly the glad music rings!
Above and about me are wafted the strains,
My soul is an echo that sings,
Up swells to the throne in a volume of praise,
The anthem of ransomed ones there;
The heavens and earth in that song are made one,
One blending of praise and of prayer.

Oh, not in the sunshine alone does this song
Well up with rapturous praise;
It soars to its clearest, most triumphing note,
On darkest and dreariest days,
When no ray of earth-light shines out o'er my way,
The voice of earth's laughter is still;
'Tis then, in the hush and gloom of the night,
'Tis sweetest to say, Lord, Thy will!

In storms or in calm, still I choose Thy dear will,
That will which is Oneness with Thee;
Is pardon, and peace, and victorious power,
From sin and from self be free,
Oh, wonderful gift! blessed will of my God!
Thou only that will canst fulfil;
Work then as Thou wilt, oh, Thou conquering One!
But perfectly work out Thy will!

Thy will! 'tis the gladdest, most glorious thing
That even Thy heart, Lord, could give;
Thy will! how my soul leaps to do its behest!
'Tis life from the dead, and I live.
The desert grows sweet with the breath of the rose,
The discords of life all are still;
Who now can harm me, what foe can affright,
Since Thou hast in me, Lord, Thy will?

—Mrs. Katharine L. Stevenson, in 'Hymns of Christian Life.'


'Follow that which is good.'
1 Thess. v. 15
'Follow after the things that make for peace.'
Rom. xiv. 19.
'When He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them, and His sheep follow Him: for they know His voice. And a stranger will they not follow.'
St. John, x. 4, 5.

—From 'Sunday Reading for the Young,' published by Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co., London.

'I See It Clearly.'

A gentleman of wealth and high social position was taken ill. Being much troubled about the little love he found in his heart for God, he complained bitterly to his pastor. This is how the man of God answered him: 'When I leave you I shall go to my residence, and the first thing that I expect to do is to call my baby. I expect to place her on my knee and look down into her sweet eyes and listen to her charming prattle, and, tired as I am, her presence will rest me, for I love that child with unutterable tenderness. But the fact is she loves me little. If my heart was breaking, it would not disturb her sleep. If my body were racked with excruciating pain, it would not interrupt her play. If I were dead she would be amused in watching my pale face and closed eyes. If my friends came to remove the corpse to the place of burial, she would probably clasp her hands in glee, and in two or three days totally forget her papa. Besides this, she has never brought me a penny, but has been a constant expense on my hands ever since she was born. Yet, though I am not rich, there is not money enough in the world to buy my baby. How is it? Does she love me, or do I love her? Do I withhold my love until I know she loves me? Am I waiting for her to do something worthy of my love before extending it to her?'

'Oh, I see it,' said the sick man, while the tears ran down his cheeks. 'I see it clearly. It is not my love to God, but God's love to me, I ought to be thinking about; and I do love him now as I never loved him before.' We think of our littleness when we should remember our Father's almightiness. We bewail our weak love when we should be grateful for our Father's great love. 'Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that God loved us.'—'Banner.'

'Only Two Months.'

A number of persons were waiting their turn in a physician's consulting office. As they were talking a chatty little man remarked that he did not know why he was there, but he had a sort of numbness in the tongue, and an occasional depression of spirits, but he did not think there was anything seriously wrong with him. His wife, he said, insisted on his seeing the doctor, and he was there. His turn came to go into the doctor's office. It was some time before he reappeared; but how changed! Pale, trembling, excited, he staggered towards the outside door. As he was about to open it he turned to the doctor and said:

'Is there no hope, doctor?'

'No remedy has been found for your disease,' was the physician's calm reply.

Then there was a short pause, broken by the patient asking:

'Did you say two months, doctor?'

'Yes, two months.'

As he was passing out the kind-hearted physician offered him a glass of water.

'No, no,' was the reply, 'I have no time. Only two months to prepare for death.'

One who heard the conversation said afterwards:

'I watched that man, and in two months after he was dead.'

That man believed on the testimony of a physician that he was sick with a mortal disease; and yet he must have known before that he was doomed to die; but for the first time it dawned on his mind that death was so near. 'Only two months.'

It is appointed unto man once to die. Every man is stricken with a mortal disease. That disease is not leprosy, or consumption, or paralysis, or apoplexy; it is sin! 'The wages of sin is death.' 'Sin when it is finished

bringeth forth death,' and who knows how soon it may be finished? 'Two months!' Who dares to say that any man will live another day? And yet people go on carelessly, thoughtlessly, fearing no evil, forgetting that 'it is appointed unto man once to die, and after this the judgment.'

There is something more important, however, than preparing to die. Men should prepare to live! to live in this world as sons of God and heirs of glory; to live the life of souls redeemed by love divine; to live a life that is the beginning of a life that shall never end; and to live that life eternal in the world to come, where there shall be 'no more death, neither sorrow nor sighing, for the former things have passed away.' 'Death has passed upon all men.' How soon your turn may come no man can tell. The shadow of death may be falling across your path today. Oh! see to it that the light of life is beaming there, and that your hope is fixed in the living God, who is your life and light, your joy and your salvation.—'Christian.'

Religious News.

Dr. W. L. Watkinson, known as the 'most distinguished preacher in the Wesleyan Methodist Church of England,' is to visit America this summer. As Dr. Watkinson is a white-haired old man of seventy this will probably be his farewell visit to America. This will be his first appearance at Northfield, where he will speak during the General Conference in August. Other noted Englishmen announced for Northfield are Rev. J. Stuart Holden, vicar of St. Paul's, Portman Square, London.

Fifty years' service in the Methodist Church has established Dr. Watkinson as leader of that denomination in England. He is also an editor on many of the leading religious publications in his land. In spite of his age, he is famous for his keen sense of humor and his cheery smile.

After speaking at Northfield Dr. Watkinson will visit the West, giving addresses at Denver, Omaha, and the Winona Conference.

At its recent ninety-second annual meeting the American Bible Society reported that its invested funds amounted to $732,631, besides some $225,000 not yet available, or upon which annuities are paid. It was announced that Mrs. Russell Sage had offered $500,000 on condition that an equal amount in addition was secured from subscriptions during the year. The issues from the press reached 1,896,916 last year, and 82,317,298 since the organization in 1816.

The favorable attitude of the heathen king of Bamum, in Kamerun, West Africa, toward the work of the missionaries of the Basel Missionary Society, is becoming still more pronounced as he becomes better acquainted with the Christians. A short time ago it became necessary to open a second preaching station in his capital, Fumban. The king ordered the erection of a suitable building with 200 seats, and no help was expected from the missionaries in the work. The attitude of the king influences his subjects, and the new chapel is well filled at all services every Lord's day. On account of the rapid progress of the work in Bamum, the Basel Society has decided to erect a substantial building for missionary purposes in the capital, Fumban.

Work in Labrador.

SPRING ON THE COAST.

St. Anthony, May 11, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Still we are struggling with snow and ice out here. If anywhere in the world man is the sport of wind and waves, he certainly is so here. Warm weather is evidently prevailing somewhere on the earth's surface. We ourselves are already in shady cowboy hats and have long ago discarded skin clothing and even sweaters. But it still freezes at night, and as soon as ever the sun sinks low enough to throw shadows one walks on crusted snow under the lee of every rock and piece of ice. This is entirely due to a prevalence of easterly winds, which has brought us with lavish generosity a recurring contribution of ice from the Arctic, and which does not seem to understand that we have had sufficient. The fact is the endless ice covering the sea, jamming the shores, and filling the bays and harbors, converts the land into a large temporary refrigerator.

We have just returned from launching our large motor launch. She had to be hauled from winter quarters on a cradle over half a mile of ice to the standing edge, and there be dropped into the water. She is a large yawl-rigged vessel, and it took all that every man and boy in the village could do to drag her along. But it was a source of intense excitement to all hands, and as I galloped back on my dog team I felt here again is an experience most enjoyable, especially as the success spells steaming into the bay next week where we hope to get many ducks, the first fresh meat, except seal, for the spring.

By rising before daybreak now you will find a stiff crust to the snow that will afford you ample need to have 'a good wind,' if you get off to run alongside your komatik, as you journey into the woods for the last loads of firing or the last logs for the fishery. Yet the atmosphere is warm and sunny and on every spot from which the snow is gone tiny green blades are peering out amongst the old berbage, proclaiming the promise of summer. Our sheep have lambed, our cattle have calved, new batches of carefully selected puppies are playing around our doors, the snipe is whirring overhead, the large American robin and the brown song sparrow are waking the countrysides with song as soon as ever the sun tops the hills. Meanwhile, all the glories of the spring sunset are not only painted in our sub-arctic skies, but are reflected from our still snow-covered hills. And what is more, the circumstances of our life are such as to insure that almost every man in the community should be out of bed to enjoy it. Moreover, there are advantages accruing even to the presence of the floe ice. Along its edge, as it lies off the shore, fly large flocks of northward bound ducks, which thus trim our shores and come in reach of our gunners. Numerous young seals beating north, play about in the open water spaces between the pans, which bring us fresh meat and good skins. Moreover, when the sun does shine down he shines up again from the endless white mirror so that we enjoy a double portion which not only kills the bacilli lurking in our blood, and tans our faces, but does not withal prevent us from wishing to move about in the brisk air by the feeling of lassitude so general in the sunny south.

We have not yet out here outlived the Orangism which worships at the shrine of William the Fourth and the Battle of the Boyne. Fortunately, however, the society does more for the people than serve to perpetuate animosity between the Catholic and Protestant. In such a district as this it serves to unite its scattered members for mutual improvement. It affords a stimulus to the attainment of communal property in the form of club houses, where the young men are free of surveillance and consequently learn to know one another (and incidentally also themselves) better. Men will come fairly long distances to prayers out here. They will come still further to hospital or the annual games, but they will spend incredible time and trouble to be present at the weekly 'Lodge.' These efforts are of no small value in promoting unity and good fellowship between village and village.

There could be no better check were one needed on these festive occasions to utterances which are sure to be repeated and that only tend to strife, even if they were true, than the presence of our really good friend the enemy, at the same social board. Was not Christ himself severely blamed by the 'unco guid' for mixing with publicans and sinners? We, however all left in the evening, feeling that if invited in return to a similar function of the wearers of the green we should be more than wise to go from whatever point of view. If Christians had faith enough in their own faith not to taboo any pleasures innocent in themselves simply because the devil also patronized them piety would soon lose its distasteful flavor of Phariseeism, and the devil would be robbed of many monopolies in those things which, say what we like, are ever attractive to the young and ardent blood that God Almighty has himself placed in us. Christ's Christian is an affirmative person, not a negative. His standard by which we shall be graded will not be 'what have you avoided?' but 'what have you done?' The Master himself was an extraordinary attraction to the godless, the harlots and the publicans. The Pharisee, old or new, is far from that. The Christian of the Christ must ever be affirmative, attractive, and as naturally happy as the day is long.

W. T. GRENFELL.

FIFTY YEARS IN LABRADOR.

The Rev. C. C. Carpenter, pioneer missionary to Labrador, writing from Andover, Mass., on June 15, says:

'I have Labrador tenderly in mind this week, as it was fifty years ago yesterday since I landed from the Newburyport codfisherman on the wild old shore on my first missionary expedition. It seems to me now almost a presumptuous thing for me, a youth, just past 21, inexperienced, in feeble health to go there alone, without any nucleus of church or school or home, and try to establish a mission. But you dear Montreal people stood behind me grandly, and God guided and blessed the feeble effort made in His name, so that now after a half century it is a source of blessed cheer to find here and there the fruits of the humble seed-sowing on that rocky soil so long ago. My dear boat-boy of those early years came to this country thirty years ago, married here one of our early scholars and has raised up a fine Christian family, and they have been the means of starting a mission church on the Massachusetts coast—I see them often. They take the 'Witness,' and enjoy reading it as much as they did at the Eskimo River station in the old time.'

What a wonderful escape from horrible death Dr. Grenfell had—no other mortal man could have ever managed to conquer the four-fold dangers of starving, freezing, drowning, and being devoured by his dogs. It was the 91st Psalm verified in the Most High's care of His own!

I have just had a note from him in which he barely mentions it, saying, 'I faced death very close last month, and I say nothing on earth is any use but being able to work for Him in whom we believe.'

Yours very cordially,

C. C. CARPENTER.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—J. A. B. and Family, Boston, $1.00; Miss A. C. E. Alguire, Cornwall, $2.00; A Friend, Ingersoll, Ont., $1; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lindsay, Sr., Tatehurst, P. Que., $1.00; Walter Scott, Winnipeg, $5.00; Friends Missionary Auxiliary at Woodford, Ont., $1.51; Edward Field, Quill Plain, Sask., $1.00; Samuel B. Field, Quill Plain, Sask., 50 cents; G. M., Almonte, Ont., $2.00; Total.. .. .. .

LESSON,—SUNDAY, JULY 26, 1908.

Saul Rejected by the Lord.

I. Sam xv., 13-28. Memory verse 22. Read I. Sam. xiii.-xv.

Golden Text.

The Lord our God will we serve and his voice will we obey. Josh. xxiv., 24.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 20.—I. Sam. xiii., 1-14.
Tuesday, July 21.—I. Sam. xiii., 15; xiv., 7.
Wednesday, July 22.—I. Sam. xiv., 8-23.
Thursday, July 23.—I. Sam. xiv., 24-35.
Friday, July 24.—I. Sam. xiv., 36-52.
Saturday, July 25.—I. Sam. xv., 1-15.
Sunday, July 26.—I. Sam. xv., 16-35.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Do you remember how we spoke about a warning in our last Sunday's lesson? Who can tell me who gave the warning and who it was that needed warning? Yes, it was Samuel who warned Saul and the children of Israel not to be too sure that everything was all right now because Saul was made king. He told them that everything would be all right only if they obeyed God. In our lesson to-day we learn that Saul forgot that warning and so Samuel had to tell him that God was going to choose another king for the Israelties. You know the Israelites lived in a little land and all about them there were heathen nations, cruel people who often used to come and fight against the Hebrews, burn their houses and steal their crops. It was because of these enemies that they first wanted a king, and it was because of Saul's victory over some of their enemies that the people were so glad to have him for their king. In our lesson to-day Saul had been king for a number of years, we don't know how long, and his little boy Jonathan was grown up and was a prince whom the people loved very much. He was very sorry to see how the Philistines came and ill-treated the Israelites, and one day he couldn't bear it any longer. (This story of Jonathan's brave deed will probably be of greater interest to the children than any other part of the lesson, but it should only be used as an introduction. Show the children that self-will was the great sin that made God reject Saul, and try to make them see how self-will brings sorrow and unhappiness in their own homes to-day.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The revised version throws not a little light on rather a puzzling question by means of allowing the first verse of chapter 13 to read more as the original leaves it—'Saul was . . . . years old,' the blank intimating that the writer not being sure of his figures intended to enter them later. It has often been wondered how Saul, the bashful young man who was crowned king, should have had a son old enough during the first year of his reign to be placed in command of part of the army, and also how Saul's character could have altered so remarkably in the space of a year or two. It is evident, however, that Saul had reigned for some time, that he had grown more and more to desire popular approval, and that the power to have his own way had made him impatient of restraint in any form. The story makes this all too plain, and that these rank weeds were spoiling an otherwise lovable character is also evident, in the character and loyal love of his son Jonathan, the applause and ready service of the people (I. Sam. xiv., 52), and the yearning love that Samuel evidently bore him (Chap. xv., 11). Self-will and the love of popularity are two of the greatest evils to-day, and they spoil many a character quite as promising as was Saul's.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 3. Such wars, involving the innocent along with the guilty in a common destruction, are incompatible not only with the law of love, but with the idea of justice taught by the Gospel. How, it is asked, could they ever have been commanded by God? It is replied that God is the author of life and death, and that He has the right at any time to deprive any number of His creatures of life, whether by the natural instrumentality of pestilence or famine, or by the express employment of man as the instrument of destruction. But the difficulty still remains, how a nation could be convinced that it was to be the executioner of God's judgments, and how it could execute them in so terrible a way without injury to its moral consciousness. The solution is to be found in the defective oriental idea of justice. The destruction of a nation for the sin of its ancestors, or of a family for the offense of its heads, was a common oriental practice. It was not repugnant to the current sense of right. This indiscriminating kind of vengeance was due to the defective sense of human individuality, the want of a true perception of the rights and responsibilities of each man as an independent being. This feeling was, no doubt, shared by the Israelites. But with them such acts were expressly prohibited as a part of ordinary judicial procedure (Deut. xxiv., 16), and in this respect they were on a higher level than other oriental nations. But when God saw fit by the mouth of a prophet who was recognized as His accredited messenger to enjoin the execution of such a sentence, there was no moral resistance to it. It would be accepted without hesitation as coming from God, and executed without any violation of their sense of justice. Such commands were an 'accommodation' to the moral and religious state of the nation to which they were given. Revelation is progressive, and God's dealings with the chosen people, while designed to raise and elevate them, were necessarily conditioned by their moral state at any given period. It need hardly be said that such commands are inconceivable under the Gospel dispensation.—Kirkpatrick, in the 'Cambridge Bible.'

Verse 22. Schiller says that 'the first great law is to obey,' a thought expressed by Kipling in his 'Jungle Tales' in these forcible words:—

Now these are the laws of the Jungle, and many and mighty are they;
But the head and the hoof of the Law and the haunch and the hump is—Obey!

Sacrifice without obedience is sacrilege.—Dwight L. Moody.

Verse 21. It is hard to admit that we are wrong. How easy to say, 'the woman, the serpent, my temperament, my circumstances!' Few things more surely reveal our self-love and pride than this instinctive, automatic excuse-making. We thoroughly understand the lawyer who asked the question, 'And who is my neighbor?' wishing to 'justify himself.' There is little hope for our growth in virtue, unless we make up our minds frankly to admit the truth about ourselves, no matter how it hurts. No man can afford to play ostrich. Self-deception is seldom genuine, and conscious duplicity ruins. 'We can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth.' To acknowledge our mistakes is not only wise, and marks an advance in self-knowledge, but it means self-mastery, spiritual victory.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

All the riches of these people, oxen, sheep, asses, and camels were to be destroyed. Why?

Because (1) This command was necessary in order to show that Israel was not making war for gain, but for righteousness and patriotism. 'The Israelites must not be tempted to make marauding excursions upon their neighbors, and by degrees be trained up as an ambitious and conquering people.'—Millman. Such conduct would be utterly opposed to the very purposes for which God had made Israel his people.

(2) Riches gained without earning them are a continual danger and corrupting influence. Witness what becomes of a gambler's gains. Witness the effect of such gains on the character.

'Saul was a man of unusual native power. His character is spoiled by a dominating selfishness. He might have become one of the masterful spirits of the world had he directed his abilities along the right lines.'—Charles H. Morgan.

'We are not worse at once. The course of evil
Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,
An infant's hand might stem its breach with clay.
But, let the stream get deeper, and philosophy,—
Ay, and religion, too,—shall strive in vain
To turn the headlong current.'

'It is easy to hide from our own eyes the one or two small points (as we tell ourselves they are) in which we fail to obey; and we are apt to think that we have done very well if we have performed seven-eighths of "the commandment of Jehovah," and to expect him, like a good-tempered creditor, to be content with a fair dividend on the whole debt.'—'Sunday School Times.'

Bible References.

Isa. xxix., 13; Mark xii., 23; Amos v., 21-24; Isa. i., 10-17; Micah vi., 6-8; Hos. vi., 6; Jer. vii., 22, 23; I. John iii., 18; Matt. ix., 13J; I. Cor. xiii., 1-3.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 26.—Topic—Home missions: The home-mission schoolhouse and what it does. II. Chron. xvii., 1-9.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, July 20.—Servants of sin. Rom. vi., 16.
Tuesday, July 21.—Free from sin. Rom. vi., 17, 18.
Wednesday, July 22.—Christ makes us free. Gal. v., 1.
Thursday, July 23.—The Lord's freeman. I. Cor. vii., 22, 23.
Friday, July 24.—Strong to resist. Eph. vi., 12, 13.
Saturday, July 25.—Be filled with the Spirit. Eph. v., 18.
Sunday, July 26.—Topic—How to keep free from bad habits. John viii., 31-36.

The Reward.

The earnest, studious, conscientious teacher is paid, and well paid, for his services. He derives a personal benefit in the way of an enlarged knowledge of Scripture. No person can take charge of a class, even of young children, and enter heartily into his work, devoting every week a certain amount of time to hard, close study of the lesson without deriving a rich benefit for himself. Such a person discovers something new in every lesson; he gains a deeper insight into the meaning of Scripture; he gleans new facts continually, so that week by week he enriches himself in the mind and heart. It has been our privilege to hear more than one teacher testify to the fact that every time they made a thorough preparation for the teaching of a lesson, they were conscious of deriving more benefit for themselves than any other member of the class. And this is the blessed experience of every teacher who conscientiously devotes time every week to painstaking preparation for the following Sunday's work. In preparing well to teach others we learn much ourselves.—'S. S. Teacher.'

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

N.B.—Ask For Our Special Year End Offer.

Correspondence

The Three Aged Men.

The first beams of the rising sun greeted the summits of the hills. The brilliant star was rising slowly in the sky, and ere long the valleys of Palestine were under the beams of the gorgeous sun. On one of the surrounding hills a young shepherd tended the sheep of his master. The name of the boy was Isaac, his parents were poor, and that is why he was obliged to lead this life.

From early morning Isaac led the sheep in the valley, carrying with him his scanty meal, consisting of bread and water. His companions were but a dog and his flute. Under the shade of an olive tree the boy was sitting, calling to his mind 'Jesus Christ,' who perhaps passed these holy paths.

The sun had run the one quarter of his way when Isaac discerned from afar a man coming down the hill. The boy looked at him intently, because passersby were rare at this time.

When the old man approached Isaac got up, took off his hat and bowed to him.

'Alas, I am hungry!' sighed the old man.

Isaac took out from his bag the piece of bread which he had with him and offered it to the poor fellow.

'Take this,' said Isaac, with an encouraging tone. Without uttering any word the old man took the piece of bread and continued his way.

It was midday; the heat was excessive, the sheep and the dog were sleeping on the carpet of grass.

Isaac, exhausted by his hunger, let drop the flute which he held in his hands and fell asleep. Suddenly he awakened, by the barks of the dog, and saw beside him another old man, who was murmuring, 'Oh! how thirsty I am!' 'Drink!' said Isaac, stretching to him the leather bottle.

The man took the leather bottle and went away. The poor boy, left without bread and water, threw himself again under the shade of the tree. The sun reached slowly the edge of the horizon and Isaac thought it time to drive the sheep into their sheepfold, therefore, he got up and, whistling, called to him the sheep.

Oh! a pitiful sight was then disclosed to his astonished eyes, a half naked and barefooted and half dead man approached, who, exhausted by the long journey, fell down, crying, 'I am poor! I am hungry! I am thirsty,' and tears were wetting his wrinkled cheeks.

Alas! exclaimed the boy, I have nothing to give you.

'These sheep do not belong to you?'

'No!' replied the boy, 'they are my master's.'

'Never mind, let me take one,' said the old man faintly.

'No!' said the shepherd, 'I don't give what is not mine. I give you myself. Sell me, and whatever you will gain let it be a relief to you and your family.'

The man got up and said to the boy, 'Come then, along with me.' Isaac followed the old man. After a long journey they entered the town of Jerusalem.

In the front of a magnificent house the old man stopped and knocked at the door. When the door was opened the man motioned to the boy to enter the house with him. Isaac followed him and entered a magnificent room, the furniture of which immediately attracted his attention. Among other things, he saw a silver table, on which there were the piece of bread that he had given to the hungry, and the leather bottle he had given to the thirsty. Opposite him there stood three men, two old and a young man. The boy understood that the young one was Jesus Christ, and fell to his feet and worshipped him. Then Jesus said:

You have given your bread to the hungry, your water to the thirsty, yourself to that poor man. Be blessed! and whatever you have given it will be restored to you plentifully. Instead of the bread I give you this house, instead of the water whatever this house contains, and instead of yourself liberty. Blessed be the merciful, for God will have mercy upon you.'

S. G. STAMNAS,
Smyrna, Turkey.

R., Man.

Dear Editor,—What has happened to the R. L. of K. we used to have in the correspondence co'umn? The pledges were:—

To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

I was a member of that Royal League of Kindness, and was sorry to see it end. I believe it was a move in the right direction, so why not continue it? If it were started we boys and girls would have to back it up with our names and hearts. I move that this League be started again. I think it would help our page a great deal. Wishing success to the 'Northern Messenger' and the R. L. of K., I remain, as ever,

WATCHER.

[The Editor will gladly second this motion, and feels sure it will meet with the approval of all the correspondents, so the Royal League of Kindness is in operation again. Anyone can become a member of this league by writing out the words, 'I pledge myself,' and under this the four pledges given, and signing their own name. Keep this where it can be often seen and send a copy to the Editor. We will keep a list of all the names at this office, so that we may readily know how many members there are at any time. But, remember, if you take this pledge it will mean hard work for a time and constant watching of your hasty tongue. One kind deed you might start with would be the keeping of a pan full of water for the stray dogs and for the birds. This hot weather is very trying for them, and a great many people regularly remember them in this way every year, but there are also a great many places where no one thinks of this little act of kindness.]

W., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I do not go to school very regularly, as my mother is not very well, and I am not going to school just now as my cousin is visiting me. She and I thought we would write a letter to you. I saw in one of the papers that they would like the correspondents to tell something about what they have been doing. I was up on the North Mountain yesterday. It is the highest peak near here. In Berwick there were special meetings, and my brother and I joined the church. It was the Baptist, and we go there to Sunday School. Last Sunday I received my diploma for writing the supplemental work that we had been studying the last year. I will close now with love to all the club.

JEAN AMANDA ILLSLEY.

W., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I would like to join the Correspondence Club too. My cousin and I were out on the North Mountain yesterday. You have no idea what a beautiful valley we have, or maybe you are a Nova Scotian and know what it is like. I have not seen my mother for over one year, and have not seen my brother and sister for two years. They live in the State of Maine, but I live with my aunt Rachel Dodge. My cousin Perry has a dog that I am very fond of. I do hope to see my letter printed, and my cousin's also. My aunt will not know that I am writing and I wish to surprise her, and my mother also. I have been away from aunty's two weeks, and my cousin says I am homesick, but I am not.

NORA MAE TUPPER.

B. H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am sending my renewal for the 'Messenger,' and thought I would send a little letter for the Correspondence page. I have two little brothers and one sister, who is only six weeks old. She is the only girl, and we all think a great deal of her. My little brothers like the children's page so well, and my mamma says she finds many beautiful stories in the 'Messenger.' I like to read and am good in literature and composition and reading in school, but a poor speller and writer. I will close with this riddle: 'What is it that no one wishes to have, yet if you get it you would not care to part with it.'

CLIFFORD H. WILLARD (age 10).

F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a very kind friend, who has sent me the 'Northern Messenger,' and this is the third year of the gift. I like it very much and read the children's letters. I live a short distance from the school, and got promoted from the third to the fourth book at Easter. I go to the Methodist Sunday School. I got first prize last year. My father is superintendent and my mother teaches a boy's class. Our Sunday School picnic is on the 19th of June, we go to Port Stanley.

MARION L. CROCKER (age 10).

S. B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for years, and would miss it very much if I were to drop it. I live three miles from school, but have not been going for some time, as my grandma has been here and was very ill, so I had to stay home and help my mother. I have eight little goslings to feed and to attend to; it is a nice job to do. I have three brothers and two sisters. I am the youngest in the family, eleven years old. I live on a farm and find plenty of work to do. I help mother milk, and I often turn the cream separator all through. I gather the eggs, feed the hens and have three of the cutest little kittens to feed. I also feed the calves.

MURIEL A. KIRK.

Economy, N.S.

Dear Editor,—Economy is a little village on the shores of the Coluquid Bay. Its scenery is very pretty. On the north are the Coluquid Mountains stretching as far as you can see. They are covered with forests, which are very beautiful, especially during the spring and autumn months. On the south is the Coluquid Bay, where the tide ebbs and flows, and where there is fishing, boating, etc., which attract many summer visitors. There are three schools in Economy. The one in Central Economy, which I attend, has two departments. My seatmate at school is Hazel Sobey.

VELMA M. (aged 10).

WHILE THE IRON IS HOT

People who want the Special Tercentenary issue of the 'Canadian Pictorial,' which at 15 cents a copy takes the place of the regular July Number, will need to place their order RIGHT OFF or they'll find to their great disappointment that they won't be able to get a single copy.

Consequently, bright boys all over the country will be busy as bees booking orders for two, three, or even a dozen copies each for their customers, to avoid vain regrets when the supply runs out. Such a souvenir of the Great Quebec Tercentenary at so low a price is a bargain not to be lightly passed over, and it is the business of a good salesman to point this out.

CASH WITH ORDER must be the rule for this issue, for after the regular annual subscribers and dealers are supplied, it is bound to be 'first come, first served,' and boys need not look for credit orders. With proper dash and spirit enough definite orders can be secured to fully warrant any boy advancing the money out of his own pocket to secure this splendid number. All money received after supply runs out will be PROMPTLY REFUNDED.

Remember! the price is higher. So are your profits. Better commission for this issue. Still more liberal premium offers. No space to go into details here. Write us a card asking for 'Full particulars of the July Special Tercentenary Number Offer for Boys,' and let us help you on to a good thing. The main thing is DO IT NOW. 'The mill does not grind with water that is past.' While you're considering when to start, they'll all be gone. So GET BUSY.

For all information address: JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Grannie.

'What makes ye sae canty, granny dear?
Has some kin' body been for ye to speir?
Ye luik as smilin' an' fain an' willin'
As gin ye had fun' a bonny shillin'!'

'Ye think I luik canty, my bonny man,
Sittin' watchin' the last o' the sun sae gran'?
Weel, an' I'm thinkin' ye're no' that wrang,
For 'deed i' my hert there's a wordless sang!
Ken ye the meanin' o' canty, my dow?
It's bein' i' the humour o' singin,' I trow!
An' though nae sang ever crosses my lips
I'm aye like tae sing whan anither sun dips.
For the time, wee laddie, the time grows lang
Sin I saw the man wha's sicht was my sang—
Yer gran'father, that's, an' the sun's last glim
Says aye to me, "Lass, ye're a mile nearer him!"
For he's hame afore me, an' lang's the road!
He fain at my side wud hae timed his plod,
But, eh, he was sent for, an' hurried awa!
Noo, I'm thinkin' he's harkin' to hear my fit-fa.''

'But, grannie, yer face is sae lirkit an' thin,
Wi' a doun-luikin' nose an' an up-luikin chin,
An' a mou clumpit up oot o' sicht atween,
Like the witherin' half o' an auld weary mune.'

'Hoot, laddie, ye needna glower yersel' blin'!
The body 'at loos, sees far through the skin;
An', believe me or no', the hoor's comin' amain
Whan ugly auld fowk 'ill be bonny again!
For there is One (an' it's no' my dear man,
Though I loo him as nane but a wife's hert can)
The joy o' beholdin' Wha's gran' lovely Face
'Ill mak me like Him in a' 'at's ca'd grace.
But what I am like I carena a strae
Sae lang as I'm His, an' what He wad hae.
Be ye a guid man, Jock, an' ae day ye'll ken
What maks granny canty 'yont fourscore an' ten!'

An Angel in Her Way.

(By Belle V. Chisholm, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Ruth Lenox was not satisfied with the double first that she carried away from Olome Institute on her graduating day. Indeed, her success there made her more anxious to drink deeper from the wells of knowledge. At the beginning her last week in college, Grandaunt Jean Oxley had announced her intention of visiting her old home in bonny Scotland during the following year, and without having consulted Ruth regarding her plans after receiving her diploma, informed that young lady to hold herself in readiness for a journey beyond the seas, as it was her intention to take her with her as a 'sort of a companion' in her travels over the Old World. Ruth knew very well what 'sort of a companion' would mean under Aunt Jean's cranky control, but she was so eager to broaden her life by the advantages such a trip would insure, that she determined to submit to Aunt Jean's crankiness, and for the good of the years to come, to make the most of her unpleasantness. Hence, plans for this grand outing entered largely into her arrangements for her senior year, and as the end of her school life drew nearer and nearer, her eagerness to start on the long anticipated journey to the Old World deepened almost into a passion. What made the prospective visit doubly desirable was the fact that Alice Maitland, her roommate and most intimate friend, was going, too. They had kept together in school from the time they entered the primary grade in their native town until they received their diplomas from one of the best colleges in the country. They were kindred souls, and many happy hours had they already spent in imaginary walks in and around places of antiquity where once had lived and loved and suffered the heroes with which their histories were peopled. But alas for all human hopes and plans! Just when Ruth's expectations were about to be realized, when her modest wardrobe was completed and her trunks packed ready for the ocean steamer, Aunt Jean, by a misstep, fell down a flight of stairs, injuring her back in a way that the doctors said it was almost certain that she would never again set a foot under her. Of course this put a stop to her European trip, and Niece Ruth's as well, for though Aunt Jean could have supplied the necessary funds without a strain upon her bank account, she was far too selfish to think of spending money in a way that would bring her no return. She liked Ruth, and because she could make use of her had proposed giving her a much desired pleasure; but now that she was compelled to give up the trip herself, and endure excruciating pain besides, she looked upon Ruth's disappointment as a very trifling thing indeed, and never for a moment thought of compensating her in the least for a service she had not rendered.

It almost broke Ruth's heart to see Alice and her father and mother go off without her, and for several days she moped about disconsolately, making every one around her as gloomy and unhappy as herself.

One morning when she was lamenting over her misfortune, her grandfather looked up from the big Bible on his knee, and asked, gravely: 'Daughter Ruth, do you not think that the hand of your heavenly Father may be in this trial?'

'I do not think that a God of love would take delight in thus disappointing His children,' Ruth replied, a little sullenly.

'If you are His child, my dear, there is no doubt but that He feels an interest in all you do,' returned grandfather. 'We have His own word for it, that "All things work together for the good of those who love God;" and I have been wondering this morning if there might not be "an angel in the way," blocking up your passage to the land over the sea. You remember how the angel stood in the way of Balaam to turn him aside from a journey which was not pleasing to the Lord. Balaam did not see him, though he had a sword drawn in his hand; and three times did he try to force a passage by different ways before his eyes were opened to the danger he had just escaped. In a like manner I believe that God sometimes hedges us in, thwarting our plans and placing an unseen angel in our path to oppose us. We ought to be very careful how we strive against our disappointments, lest we might be found fighting against God.'

Ruth was a Christian, and she took her grandfather's gentle reproof to heart, and the more she thought of his searching words, the more she became impressed that she had not been turned aside from this journey without there being a purpose in God's plan. Before night her father came to her burdened with a heartache forced upon him by the conduct of his only son, Ruth's dear elder brother, Jerome. He had been counting much on her influence over Jerome, and now, though sorry for her disappointment, was glad that she would be Jerome's companion during vacation. His hope was that she might save him from his wicked associates, who were ruining him.

That night she sat down and studied the matter all over, prayerfully as well as tearfully, and the result was a delightful trip to Europe by proxy—not only for herself, but for Jerome, too. If they could not look upon the historical wonders of antiquity with their own eyes, there was no reason why they should not see them through Alice's vision, and as the first letter, which she was certain would be replete with interesting items concerning the ocean voyage, was almost due, she enlisted Jerome's sympathies in the proposed journey, and by consulting ocean charts and reviewing special points in navigation, they were ready to enter intelligently into the description of an ocean voyage by the time the letter arrived.

Alice was now taken into their plans, and began her sight-seeing with a double purpose in view, knowing, as she did, that two other pairs of eyes were looking at the Old World through her orbs. What a searching of histories and geographies, and tracing of maps and charts, the new study developed. Jerome soon became as enthusiastic a traveller as Ruth, and the evenings devoted to study soon enlisted the interest of the younger members of the family, while father and mother enjoyed the journeyings from place to place, and even grandfather fell into the habit of sitting up an hour later than his usual bedtime to follow the tourists and add some reminiscences from his own experience, especially while the travellers tarried for a time among the highlands of his bonny Scotland.

Three evenings in the week were devoted to the journeying in foreign lands, and the other three week evenings were taken up with amusing games, music, and pleasant intercourse with friends, thus leaving Jerome without an hour to waste upon his companions. After the first few weeks he lost his relish for such associates, and, ashamed of hanging useless upon his hard working father, he sought and found employment, a circumstance that served the double purpose of keeping him busy and of adding something to the family income. Ruth enjoyed this labor of love, and long before the year expired she acknowledged the wisdom as well as the mercy of the loving Father who had crossed her will and obstructed her way by placing an unseen angel in her path.

The cross proved a blessing in disguise, and when, during the following winter, Jerome gave his heart to Jesus, her gratitude was unbounded, for she knew that it was through her influence that he had been turned Christward, and that in the home beyond the skies she would wear no starless crown.

How Sweet Plum Saw The Foreign Devil.

(By Dr. Phillips, Newchwang.)

'Foreign Devil! Foreign Devil!' The tired, hot man, plodding on a weary pony through the Manchurian village, turned and smiled lazily at the little plump, brown, naked figure, four quaint pigtails, tied with red, dancing on his shaven head, that pattered along in the dust, raising such a shrill outcry on the summer air. 'Foreign devil! Foreign devil!'

It was only Sweet Plum, and he meant no harm; merely to show his wonder and surprise that a man with such queer hair and such funny clothes should ride through his village. Sweet Plum was six years old, and his big black eyes looked out of a cherub, yet when he was cross he could say things that—but there, he was only copying the folk around him. Sweet Plum lived with his father and mother and all the little Plums, in Three House Village. There was big brother, 'Happy Days,' who was almost a man, and went to school, and had a proper pigtail, because he was engaged to be married; and his sister 'Cinnamon Cloud,' who, poor girl, was having her feet bound; then came 'Sweet Plum,' and last of all the baby girl whom mother called 'Little Beauty.'

The Plum cottage was made of brown mud, with a roof almost flat. It was only one storey and the windows were of paper. But still it was nice and warm in winter, when the north wind blew outside, and Sweet Plum snuggled down, with all the family, on the brick bed, so cosy with the fire below. It was cool, too, in summer, for you just poked your finger through the paper windows and then you got all the breeze. And round the house was a fence of millet stacks to keep in the hens. All the other mud houses in the village were like it, and stood in a straggling row down each side of the road, which, when it rained, was like a lake, full of great ruts, nearly deep enough to drown a cart.

Sweet Plum was a very happy small boy. In summer he and his friends, without troubling much about clothes, chased each other and the squealing black piggies down the lanes between the tall millet that grew as far as one could see away to the blue hills. And in winter, a round, fat bundle of wadded coats, he played at shuttlecock, kicking it with his shoes while his hands were warm, deep in his long sleeves. Or else when the north winds blew hard, and it was bitter cold, so that the rivers froze to the bottom—for then he dared not go out lest Jack Frost

nip off a finger or a toe—he teased the pug dog while mother cooked the millet porridge till father came in, his sheepskin coat frozen stiff, and icicles hanging from his nose and moustache. Then they had supper, and went all to bed directly it was dark. There were no lamps in the streets and, besides, an odd wolf might be lying in wait to carry off a toothsome small boy.

It was not the first time Sweet Plum had seen the foreign devil. He could just remember the bad time, two years before, when all day long he had heard a dreadful 'boom, boom,' away in the hills, how at dusk streams of tired, angry-looking big men came pouring down the road, all muddy, and many with bandages round heads and arms, and how next morning, very early, the village was full of small brown men with guns who came into every house and knew where to find the things that were good to eat. Those were bad times. Little Plum was lean and hungry then. The millet was trampled and spoiled, and father could plant no more, for all the mules and cattle had been taken to pull guns and drag carts for the armies, but that was

long ago, and now Sweet Plum ran gaily down the street calling out 'Foreign devil!' and then 'Big nose,'—that was very rude—till man and horse were out of sight.

There was really quite a lot to see, even in that small Three House Village—marriages and funerals, and processions to the graves to worship the spirits. And there were feasts, when mother made delightful dumplings, full of lovely pig's flesh, which Sweet Plum gobbled with his chopsticks till he really could not bend.

Soon the harvest arrived, and the big carts came home heaped high with millet till the fields were bare and brown, and even the stubble was rooted up to make winter fires. Then the squawking wild geese began to fly south, and presently the hard frost came, and Sweet Plum tied himself up in five or six coats till he was as broad as he was long, and pulled his felt cap down over his ears, and went out to see the strings of carts coming down from the north. Such a lot of carts—for the ruts were frozen hard and smooth—each with a team of five or six mules, all pulling hard, and sometimes a small donkey or two harnessed in to help, their drivers walking alongside in skin shoes and shaggy fur caps, cracking their long whips. It was such fun to steal a ride as far as the Fox Temple at the corner of the village.

Poor little Plum! One day as he was hanging on to the tailboard of a cart, somehow he slipped and fell off. Before he could scramble up, the mules of the next cart following close behind were right on top of him. He screamed, 'ma ya,' and then—the next thing he knew he was lying in the house; his mother was crying, and the room was full of neighbors, all talking at once, and each advising something different. At last they put a big plaster on Sweet Plum's broken leg, and tied it up with millet stalks, and went home. But his mother kept on crying, only stopping now and then to scold poor unhappy Sweet Plum.

That happened in the coldest weeks. At New Year Feast Sweet Plum could not put on his best clothes, nor take his share of dumplings. Spring came, and still a poor thin white Sweet Plum lay on the brick bed, moaning with the bad pain in his leg. They tried all kind of medicines. One Chinese doctor—he was not really a doctor!—in very big spectacles came and ran a long needle into the swelling 'to let out the wind,' he said; but Sweet Plum only cried the more. Another day Mr. Plum took the cart and a big present, and next night came back with a very famous doctor indeed, whose finger nails were longer and blacker than any you have ever seen. This big man looked at the leg, and said he could drive away this 'wind.' So he put out the light and began to dance and stamp in the dark room, waving a bundle of burning sticks about his head, shouting and calling on the evil spirits to come help him cure little Plum's leg. But when in the smoke Sweet Plum saw his fierce, red face coming nearer, and the burning sticks almost touch his leg, he shrieked in terror; and even Mr. Plum was white. So that 'devil doctor' too went away; but Sweet Plum grew no better.

At last Mr. Plum said to his wife: 'There is nothing left but the foreign doctor.' 'No, no,' she cried, 'he will cut off his leg.' 'I won't go,' sobbed little Plum. But the father would not listen: he had seen a man who had been cured at the foreign hospital. So he got a blanket slung on two poles, and he wrapped up Sweet Plum and put him inside. Then Mr. Plum and his friends picked up the poles on to their shoulders, and started away for the Mission hospital, Mrs. Plum following in the cart with Little Beauty, who could not be left alone at home. Two days later they all stood before the foreign doctor. 'He does not look so fierce,' said Mrs. Plum. But the doctor only asked gravely 'Why did you not come sooner?' Then Sweet Plum looked up: it was the same foreign devil he had seen riding through Three House Village! So the poor frightened little boy cried out, 'Oh, don't cut off my leg.'

Soon after Sweet Plum found himself in a strange iron bed in a big clean room, where there was so much to see that he almost forgot the pain in his leg. But Mrs. Plum, sitting cross-legged on the cold, foreign bedstead, as she smoked her long pipe, grumbled —'This is a strange place, indeed! They won't even let a body spit on the floor.' Poor Mrs. Plum!

There came a day when they took little Plum down a corridor to another room. When the doctor, in a long white coat, with a smile told him not to be frightened. But he was!—there was such a funny, chokey smell.

Sweet Plum woke up in bed again: his leg felt so nice and comfy in clean bandages, and his father and mother were smiling at him. From that day Sweet Plum began to mend. He got fat again—no pain now. The days went quickly: there was so much to see and hear. Soon he learned to sit up and smile when the doctor came round: and he was not at all frightened of the dressings.

Then a foreign lady used to come, and when he had stopped wondering at her funny clothes, he listened to the wonderful stories she told of a foreign Man, who took little children in His arms. It was very nice, though difficult to understand, of course; but Mrs. Plum was more and more interested, and began to ask questions about the 'foreign doctrine,' as she called it. Sometimes his father was there too and listened, and bought a little book to read more about this 'Jesus religion,' which must be good, since it made people so kind.

At last came the day when a fat, rosy Sweet Plum sat in the cart, ready to start for home, bidding farewell to all his hospital friends, while Mr. Plum went to knock his head on the floor before the doctor, to show his gratitude.

There is a little Christian Church in Three House Village now. A dozen people meet to sing and read in the Plums' house, and Mr. Plum tells what he heard at the hospital. They don't know much, those Chinese Christians, but when they come to a difficult place, there's always Sweet Plum to say 'Jesus? Yes, He cured my leg.'

That was a year ago, and one day Sweet Plum saw again the foreigner and his horse. But how different his greeting now! 'Mother, mother,' he shouts, rushing into the house,' mother quick, here's the foreign doctor!' And out comes Mrs. Plum as fast as her little feet can carry her, full of eagerness, crying, 'away, Sweet Plum, and fetch your father. Please come in doctor, come in, and drink some tea, and tell us more about the doctrine.'

Some Boys' Mistakes.

It is a mistake for a boy to think a dashing, swaggering manner will commend him to others. The fact is that the quiet, modest boy is much more in demand than the boy of the swaggering type. Modesty is as admirable a trait in a man as in a woman, and the wise boy will find it to his distinct advantage to be quiet and modest in manner.

It is a mistake for a boy to put too high an estimate on his own wisdom. He will find

it to be to his advantage to rely on the far greater wisdom of those much older than himself. And he will find it still more to his advantage to rely on God's Word for direction in all the affairs of life.

It is a mistake for a boy to feel at any time in all of the days of his boyhood that it is not his duty to be respectful and deferential to his father and mother. The noblest men in the world have felt this to be their duty.

It is a mistake for a boy to feel that there is any better way of acquiring a dollar than by honestly earning it. The real 'royal road to fortune' is by the road that requires honest toil and the giving of the very best one has to give in return for money received.

It is a mistake for a boy to feel that religion is something intended for women and girls, and that it is unmanly for him to go to church and Sunday school. The world has never known better or manlier men than those who have been faithful attendants at both church and Sunday school. Real piety is the foundation of all character, and the scoffer at religion is never respected by those whose respect it is worth while to have.

It is a mistake for a boy to do anything 'on the sly.' The sly boy is sure to be found out, and when he has once lost the confidence of his friends it is extremely difficult for him to regain it. The wise boy will be 'as honest as the day.' Woe to him if he is not!—'American Boy.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

The Eastroyds and the Murwoods

BY SARAH SELINA HAMER, IN THE 'ALLIANCE NEWS.'

Chapter IV.—Continued. A Desperate Remedy.

'Oh, God, have pity upon my weakness, strengthen my will, help me to keep the vow I now make—never more to touch, taste, or handle the—the poison of my life!'

'Then you will go, Ellen, where you can be helped, where you will be safe!' whispered Kate, letting her hand drop caressingly on her sister-in-law's head.

'I will go anywhere; do anything you wish,' said the poor woman, conquered at last. 'And, oh,' she added, conscious of her own weakness, 'let it be soon—let it be soon!'

Kate stooped, and raised and kissed her.

'It shall, Ellen,' she said; 'and be sure that God will answer your prayer, and bless and help you, now you are willing to use the right means.'

It was not an easy task, by any means, which Arthur Hasleham undertook the following day, namely, that of interviewing Mr. Murwood about his wife's going away to a 'Home for Inebriates.' It was like opening a wound scarcely skinned over. But it had to be done. It was the only course possible, the only means of salvation for a woman so completely a victim to alcohol as Mrs. Murwood; and Arthur told her husband so in plain terms. He was angry at first, said it was all nonsense; she could, if she would, keep within bounds; he wanted 'reasonable Temperance,' not 'rabid total abstinence,' in his house. Besides, he was tired of being talked about, Ellen's going away would only cause another scandal, and he was sick of it.

Arthur Hasleham agreed with Mat Murwood readily enough about the duty of self-control, and there had been a time, he admitted, when Mrs. Murwood could have exercised it and ought to have done so. But that time was passed. Her will power had failed, or, rather, had become enslaved by stronger appetite. She needed the help such a home could give, in order that her will might be disenthralled. She had shown that she had some courage left, by having signified her willingness to go. Her husband would be doing a cruel wrong, both to her and himself, if he withheld his consent.

And, the truth thus presented to him, Mat Murwood yielded, though it went sorely against the grain. And ere another fortnight had sped, Ellen, his wife, had gone away from the neighborhood of Clapperton, and her two little girls had gone to stay with 'Uncle Ernest' and 'Auntie Katie.'

'Folks say as Mistress Murwood has gwon away for her 'ealth,' said a certain gossip, one Ann Appleton, on a fine afternoon late in July, when she had walked up to Red Acre farm from Clapperton to have a cup of tea with the farmer's wife. 'For my part, I don't believe it.'

'But I do,' said Mrs. Shackleton, stoutly.

If Ann Appleton had come there to pump she would find the spring very dry. What business was it of hers? she wondered.

As a near neighbor, a woman of experience, and a capable one to boot, Mrs. Shackleton had been suddenly fetched to West Moor House in the late emergency there, and had greatly won the confidence of the Murwoods and their friends. And just before her departure, Mrs. Murwood had told her the object of her going, relying upon her trustworthiness to keep the matter to herself. Mrs. Murwood's physical health, through trouble and especially through her sad habits had greatly suffered, and her mental health was worse.

'She's niver been herself sin' little Masther Maurice died,' went on Mrs. Shackleton, 'an' niver would ha'e bin, i' my opinion, so long as she'd ha'e stopped up here, where it all happened.'

'But I reckon hoo'll ha'e to come back again,' said Ann Appleton, who, as her friends said of her, liked to discuss things 'all sides up.'

'To be sure hoo will,' said Mrs. Shackleton briskly; 'but then don't yo' see, Ann, t' keeness 'll ha'e wore off by then. Whatever 'ould become on us i' this world, I should like to know, if time didn't tak' t' edge off eawr troubles?'

'Some folks says as hers and dthrink together has sent her crazy,' said the gossip, with lowered voice, but a keen, inquisitive look at the farmer's wife, who, she had an inward sense, knew more than she would tell, unless she could by some diplomacy worm the knowledge out of her. 'There's plenty believes as they've ta'en her to a 'sylum.'

'Then there's plenty as is fools,' said Mrs. Shackleton, stoutly, 'as one knowed before, as far as that goes,' she added, parenthetically, 'an' yo' can tell annybody as asks yo', os as yo' hear say so, i' future, as Mistress Murwood's no more in a lunatic asylum nor they are.'

'Oh, well, I'm fain to hear it, Mrs. Shackleton, very fain,' said the visitor, with a complacent sense that she had learnt something at last, though it was of a negative nature. If you could not convey information about your neighbors, the next best thing was to be able to contradict those who did.

'It does feel quiet upo' West Moor bout her an' t' childer,' went on Mrs. Shackleton. 'Hoo's been to see me manny a time sin' her little lad died, an' t' nuss used to walk up t' fields wi' t' others sometimes, an' they'd rest 'em a bit i' t' house here. I've seen her look at eawr Tommy—Mistress Murwood, I mean—while t' great tears has come in her eyes, an' rowled deawn her cheeks. "Hoo little knows what a handful he is," thinks I to myself, though goodness knows I wouldn't be bout him for all I could see. I wonder what he's up to neaw,' she went on, the thought of Tommy creating a diversion. 'He'll come in not fit to be seen, I'll be bound, before aught's long.'

'Oh,' continued Mrs. Shackleton, association of ideas at work, 'how is that poor Mrs. Robson gettin' on? Hoo lives close to yo', Ann, doesn't hoo? Tommy brought little Robbie up wi' him one day fro' t' school, when we were hay makin'. "He has no father," Tommy said, so pitiful like, 'at I kissed 'em both, i'stead o' slappin' Tommy, as I was just goin' to do, for losin' his collar—t' second that week. Eh, t' way childer come o'er you', it's fair wontherful, isn't it? But, then, yo' niver had none, Ann, so yo' don't know.'

'Nawe,' said Ann, dryly, 'an' I feel thankful manny a time as I haven't, when I see t' way as sich a lot on 'em turns eawt; it seems to me they're moor care nor comfort, big or little.'

'It's thrue they're a lot o' trouble,' said Mrs. Shackleton, peering through the window, to ascertain whether Tommy was anywhere within sight; 'but I'd liefer ha'e two thry lumps i' my porritch nor be bowt.'

Ann Appleton gave a little grunt in response, whether in assent or dissent it was difficult to determine.

'Yo' were askin' me just neaw about Bob Robson's widow,' she said. 'Yo' 'appen haven't heard 'at hoo's gone back to t' mill. Hoo used to be a mule spinner at Eastroyden afore hoo were wed, an' they 'n fun her work again. They're very good to her i' a lot o' ways beside.'

'An' heaw about t' childer?' asked Mrs. Shackleton.

'Oh, Robbie goes to t' schoo', yo' known,' said Mrs. Appleton, 'an' her father minds t' other two. Her mother died t' week after her husband, an' her father's left t' Lumb, an' has come o' livin' wi' her.'

'Poor Misthress Robson! Throubles mostly come i' bundles,' remarked Mrs. Shackleton.

'Aye, an' that reminds me as there is a talk goin' as Mesther Murwood here hasn't done wi' his yet. That brother Mark o' his, as manages t' Baleborough part o' t' business, has been speckilatin', they say, an' they've lost a heap o' money by it.'

'When t' drink's in t' wit's eawt,' said Mrs. Shackleton, sententiously. 'An' I shouldn't think as Mesther Mark's sober nafe his time by what I hear.'

'No, nor quarter,' assented Mrs. Appleton. 'Mrs. Robson cannot abide to hear him named, nor Mesther Edward nor Tom Eastroyd naither. Hoo says as it's all owin' to that set as hoo's lost her husban'.'

'It does lie a deal at their door, I believe,' said Mrs. Shackleton.

'True,' said Ann Appleton, 'but then as I says to Jane Briggs 'at lives next door, Bob Robson should ha'e had a mind of his own,' a' he had Mesther Ernest to back him up.'

'It's easy talkin',' said charitable Mrs. Shackleton; 'but if yo' smelled somethin' as yo' were fond on, an' three folk said "Come an' ha'e some," an' only one said "Don't," there'd be a middlin' likelihood as yo'd go wi' t' three. But I'm rare an' sorry to hear this abeawt t' Murwoods losin' money. It's a bad job if it's thrue.'

'It's thrue enough, I'm 'feared,' said the gossip. 'Jane Briggs' sisther's husband 's i' t' warehouse at Baleborough, an' a cousin o' his is i't office, an' t' other week Mesther Murwood went o'er there, an' I reckon he but ha'e looked into things, for there were a fine row. Dick Mitchell could hear 'em through t' partition between t' offices, an' soon afther I heard t' tale I've towld yo'.'

'Well, if I were yo' I wouldn't let it go any further,' said Mrs. Shackleton. 'Things never lose i' tellin'; an' it mayn't be much. But ra-alee, t' mischief as this dthrink does i' one way an' another is fair sickenin'!' she added. 'I'm givin' it t' go-by for one, an' I've jined t' Women an' Girls' Union; an' yo'd betther do t' same, Ann. I thowt once on a time 'at I niver could ha'e done without a drop o' beer, especially at hay time; but I've managed right enough. When I've felt ra-aly to need some'hat I've made mysel' a good cup o' tay, an' it's done me far more good. An' my word,' looking up at the clock, 'it's tay time now, an' past, an' me sittin' talkin' here i'stead o' getting' it. But niver mind, t' kettle biles, an' I can get t' tay ready while some folks 'ould be lookin' at t' cups an' saucers, they're that slow. But where's that lad o' mine, I wondther?' she went on, as she began to move briskly between the cupboard and the table. 'He must ha'e come back fro' t' school by this time, though I've niver seen his pass t' window.'

''Appen he's wi' his father,' suggested the visitor.

'Not he,' said Mrs. Shackleton; 'Sam's off at Brameld Market. Oh, here he comes,' she added, as footsteps were heard approaching the door from the direction of the orchard. 'I must ha'e missed seein' him go by.'

And ere Mrs. Shackleton had finished speaking a very dirty, untidy, dishevelled Tommy arrived, and stopped short at the doorway. His trousers were torn, his clogs 'noses' (toes) were fearfully scratched, and his rough head was minus a cap.

'Thou may well be 'shamed to come in, an' let Mrs. Appleton see thee,' said Mrs. Shackleton to her young hopeful. 'I niver see sich a sight'—Mrs. Shackleton said this, on an average, a dozen times a week—'an' I'm sure she' niver did. An' what has tha done wi' thy cap, I should like to know? Tha met think 'at caps an' collars grows upo' trees, at Med Acre here, by t' way tha goes on; but I'll——'

'It is up of a tree—my cap is,' whimpered Tommy, interrupting the threat, ere it fell on his ears.

'Then tha threw it up,' said his mother, severely, though she was inwardly laughing, Ann Appleton audibly so; 'it didn't grow there.'

'I didn't do it o' purpose,' said Tommy, one dirty fist in one of his eyes. 'T' white pigeon flewed up into t' tall pear tree, an' wouldn't come down, an' I throwed my cap at it; an' then—an' then,' added Tommy, 'it did come. But my cap stopped up.'

'As was likely,' said his mother.

'I've been thryin' to get it,' said Tommy. 'I've been hafe way up oncet, but I slipped deawn again, an' an' tored my treawsers, an'——'

(To be continued.)

Summer-time.

I like the happy summer-time, when
holidays are here;
For then I'm taken to the sea, yes, near-
ly every year.

I see the ships and sailing boats, I dig
upon the sands,
I see the big black steamer ships, that go
to far-off lands.

Sometimes when mother dear is tired, I
get my pail and spade,
And dig a big hole in the sand; she rests
there—not afraid.

And even when the time comes round to
go back in the train,
I do not mind, because of course I'll go
some day again.

—F. S., in 'Our Little Dots.'

Among the Tea Leaves.

(By Anna E. Jacobs, in the 'Child's Hour.')

Two little Japanese girls, wearing red petticoats and gay sashes, were bending over the tea bushes, picking rapidly the thin leaves and then throwing them into a deep basket. They had as many pins and their sashes were arranged in the required form, just as though they had not been bending all the morning over the tea leaves. They talked and laughed together at their work.

It was the month of May; the young tea leaves were just out; the first gray pussy leaves of the tea plant are the finest, so the two little Japanese girls were careful not to lose any of them in the picking. 'I do not like to stand in the sea weed,' said Kioto; 'it slips and moves like a living thing beneath my feet.'

'But it is good for the roots of the plants,' said Mimosa, whose sleeves were tucked up so that her round plump arms showed as she worked. 'You are not used to it; that's all.'

Kioto sighed, but kept on filling her basket, for was she not earning money to pay for the little home made of bamboo 'way up on the mountain side a hundred miles from the great tea plantation where she was working?

'My basket is full,' said Mimosa.

'And mine too,' said Kioto, standing on her tiny feet to pick the upper leaves; 'and now let us go and weigh them.'

'Four pounds of tea leaves make only a pound of tea,' said Mimosa to Kioto who had come that day for the first time, and therefore did not know about the tea-picking.

'Ah, is that so? But I do love to drink tea!' she exclaimed, dimpling prettily, for like all the Japanese she was a true lover of the fragrant tea leaves.

'To-morrow is the day we celebrate here in honor of the man who first brought tea into Japan,' said Mimosa again.

'Oh, tell me about it!' clapping her hands until her long loose sleeves fell down over her small fingers.

'Hundreds and hundreds of years ago a priest went to China from here as a missionary, and when he came back here to Japan he brought with him some tea seeds, which he planted on a hill in the west side of this country, and soon after he raised a large crop of tea bushes. One of his neighbors was sick with a dreadful toothache and sent for the priest who took some hot brewed tea leaves to him. The neighbor swallowed the drink and felt immediately better, for the hot mixture, I suppose, helped the tooth. Of course, the neighbor asked the name of the drink that he had liked so much, and then he begged some seed of the priest. A few years after, he had a beautiful tea plantation, and his tea leaves were everywhere sold for great prices.'

'Oh, don't I wish I had some of them!' cried Kioto, 'and I could sell them for a great price and take the money right home for my dear mother and little sisters.'

'Yes, but that would be impossible. It is midday now; let us rest,' and the two girls passed out between rows of tea bushes soon to be filled with the small, white waxlike tea blossoms, which look much like a lovely wild rose.

Soon the tap, tap, tap of tiny sandals was heard along the street, for Kioto and Mimosa were going for a cup of their favorite tea in a bamboo tea-house near by.

The Caterpillar's Nap.

One day last fall, when Madge was playing in the garden, what do you think she found? A great, big green caterpillar that seemed to be fast asleep. Madge was afraid of it, so she called Uncle Ted. He lifted it up on a stick and put it in a pasteboard box and carried it off with him to the attic.

'What did you do that for?' asked Madge when he came back.

'The caterpillar is sleepy, so I have made it a bed, and by and by it will weave itself a blanket,' he said.

'Oh, uncle! Can it, really? How can a caterpillar make a blanket?'

'It weaves it, dearie, something as a spider weaves its web. It will take a good while. You must watch and be patient.'

Madge went nearly every day to look at the caterpillar, for her uncle had put a piece of glass over the top of the box, and after what seemed to her a long time, one day she saw some fine threads from the creature to the glass. Every day there were more threads, until at last Madge could not see the worm at all.

'He has covered himself all up, uncle. Is the blanket finished now?' she asked.

'Yes, and now the caterpiller will sleep all winter, and when he wakes in the spring I don't believe you will recognize him.'

After a while Uncle Ted went up to

the attic and lifted the glass cover off the box, and found the caterpillar snugly wrapped up in his home-made blanket fastened tightly to the glass. So he stood the glass against the wall on the mantel in his room and there it stayed all winter.

But one day in April a strange thing happened. Madge had just gotten out of bed when she heard Uncle Ted calling her from his room. 'Oh, Madge, come here as quickly as you can.' So she ran just as she was in her little white nightie. And there on Uncle Ted's mantel was a lovely yellow butterfly.

'Oh, Uncle Ted, how did that get here? Did it fly in your window?'

'No, dear, it crept out of its winter blanket.'

And then Uncle Ted showed her the cocoon, as he called the blanket which the caterpillar had made. There was a hole at one end, and out of that the ugly green worm, now changed into a fairy-like insect, had crept to spend its second summer floating in the air and sipping sweets from flowers.—'McCall's Magazine.'

When Georgie Played Barber.

'Let's go to see the colt,' said Nellie.

'No, let's play gypsy,' said Tom, rushing up with the little waggon which had been covered with a piece of grandma's old red curtain. 'You can be the queen, and ride in a waggon, Nellie.'

'It's so hot in there,' pouted Nellie. 'Grandma said to stay in the shade as much as we could.'

'Let's play something new,' said Georgie, tossing his ball up into the air. 'I'm tired of all the old things. I'll tell you a good plan. Let's each think of something new, and then take turns. You are the oldest, Nellie, so you think first.'

'Well, I guess we'll play Buzz,' said Nellie, after wrinkling her brows for a long time. 'That isn't entirely new, but we haven't played it since we have been at grandma's.'

But in a little while it was Georgie's turn, for they soon grew tired of Buzz, and he was ready at once with his game. 'We'll play Barber,' he said, running quickly to the back porch to get the old chair that Sarah used to set her tub on when she washed the clothes.

'What's Barber?' asked Nellie. 'I never heard of that.'

'Of course not. You're a girl,' said Georgie loftily. 'Now come on, Tom, and you can be the first.'

'Why, Tommy Blake! Mamma wouldn't like it a bit if she could see you,' said Nellie, in alarm, as Georgie took the old shears and began to cut his cousin's hair. 'She'll be very, very angry when she knows.'

'She won't either,' said Tommy. 'I heard her say this morning that my hair was too long and needed cutting. Just go ahead, Georgie.'

When Georgie got through he sat down in the chair and Tommy had cut off a few locks, when Sarah came to call them to dinner. 'Whatever are you bad children doing?' she cried. 'It isn't safe to have you out of sight a minute.'

'We just played Barber,' said Georgie, feeling over his head. 'You called us too soon, Sarah, or we would have been all done.'

'Come here, boys,' said Uncle John, when everybody had laughed and laughed. 'Look in the glass and tell me how you will look at the picnic to-morrow.'

In the big looking glass they saw two of the oddest little boys you ever heard of, for in some places the skin showed on their heads, while in others the hair was not cut at all. The hired man did the best he could for them after dinner, but neither of the boys would go to the picnic next day. Sarah said it served them just right, but when she saw how lonely they were she gave them jam tarts, and did not scold any more.

'The next time you play Barber you must sharpen your shears, Georgie,' said Uncle John; but both his nephews cried at once, 'We'll never, never play such a bad game again.'—Selected.

Her Very Own.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Helen. She lived in the country, and about her house there were many fine trees, where the birds came every year to spend the summer. Now Helen loved to watch the birds, butterflies, and bees doing their work. Well, one day Mr. and Mrs. Oriole came to look at the big elm tree. 'Oh, father,' cried Helen, 'let's help them, so they'll stay here!'

'All right, little girl,' answered her father.

Helen had helped birds before by putting bits of string and worsted and straws on the ground and nearby bushes. Suddenly she clapped her hands, exclaiming, 'Oh, I'm going to label this nest, and then, after it's all built, it will be mine!' So she carefully wrote her name on a tag of paper, putting a long piece of white string through the end of the tag. On some other tags she wrote the day and the month, 'May 28.' Then they were left in plain sight, and Helen scampered away.

The birds did not seem to notice the strings at first; but later every one was gone, and from that hanging nest waved six little tags bearing Helen's name and the date.—'Sunbeam.'

Boys, Girls, and Monkeys.

The boys and girls of India like sweet things just as much as we do. Did you ever chew any sugar cane? It is very juicy and sweet and sticky, and it does well in place of candy. It is really candy in another form, for all the sugar candy you eat was once the juice of sugar cane. If you lived in India, you could buy a piece of sugar cane for three pies. You think a pie is something to eat, but any boy or girl in India could tell you that out there it is the name of a piece of money, and three 'pies' are worth about half a cent in our money.

The monkeys in India like sweet things, too. One day last winter a boy was beginning to chew a nice, fresh bit of sugar cane as he sat under a tree, when suddenly a monkey dropped from the branches overhead, and, snatching the sugar cane, scrambled back into the tree again, and then sat there triumphantly chewing the cane himself, chattering and making faces, just as you may have seen them do at the monkey-house at the zoo. Probably some of us would have felt like throwing stones at the monkey, but this boy didn't dare do that because in India monkeys are sacred, and a great many people worship the monkey god.

In one city there is a large stone temple altogether given up to the sacred monkeys, and nearly two hundred and fifty live there, sleeping in the corridors, climbing around the roofs and among the pillars, playing, fighting, chasing each other, and sometimes falling into the water tank beside the temple wall. There are priests living there, too, who do nothing but feed the monkeys and give them the offerings which the people bring. The monkeys do not stay in the temple, but climb around the houses and trees all through the city, and are very mischievous, stealing things whenever they can, and making a great deal of trouble, but no one thinks of trying to stop them, because they are sacred.

Let us be very thankful that we know better than this, and that we do not worship monkeys or images or other hideous idols, but that we know that Christ is our loving Saviour and Friend, and that we can pray to him.—'Over Sea and Land.'

The Little Red Doors.

Two little boys were playing together upon the sidewalk. 'You didn't play fair then, Bob,' cried Willie; 'you know you didn't.'

'Yes, I did,' said Bob; 'but you are so afraid I shall win, that you want to make out that I cheat.'

'So you do! I saw you!'

'I didn't. I——

'Quick, quick!' said a strange lady, who heard them. 'Quick, shut the doors!'

Willie and Bob felt ashamed; and then Bob asked in a low voice, 'Please, ma'am, which doors? We don't know what you mean.'

'Why, those doors, to be sure!' pointing to the two rosy mouths that looked as though none but sweet words could come from them. 'Don't let any more of those unkind words come out. Shut them up tightly, and they will die for want of air,'—and she laughed softly as she passed on.

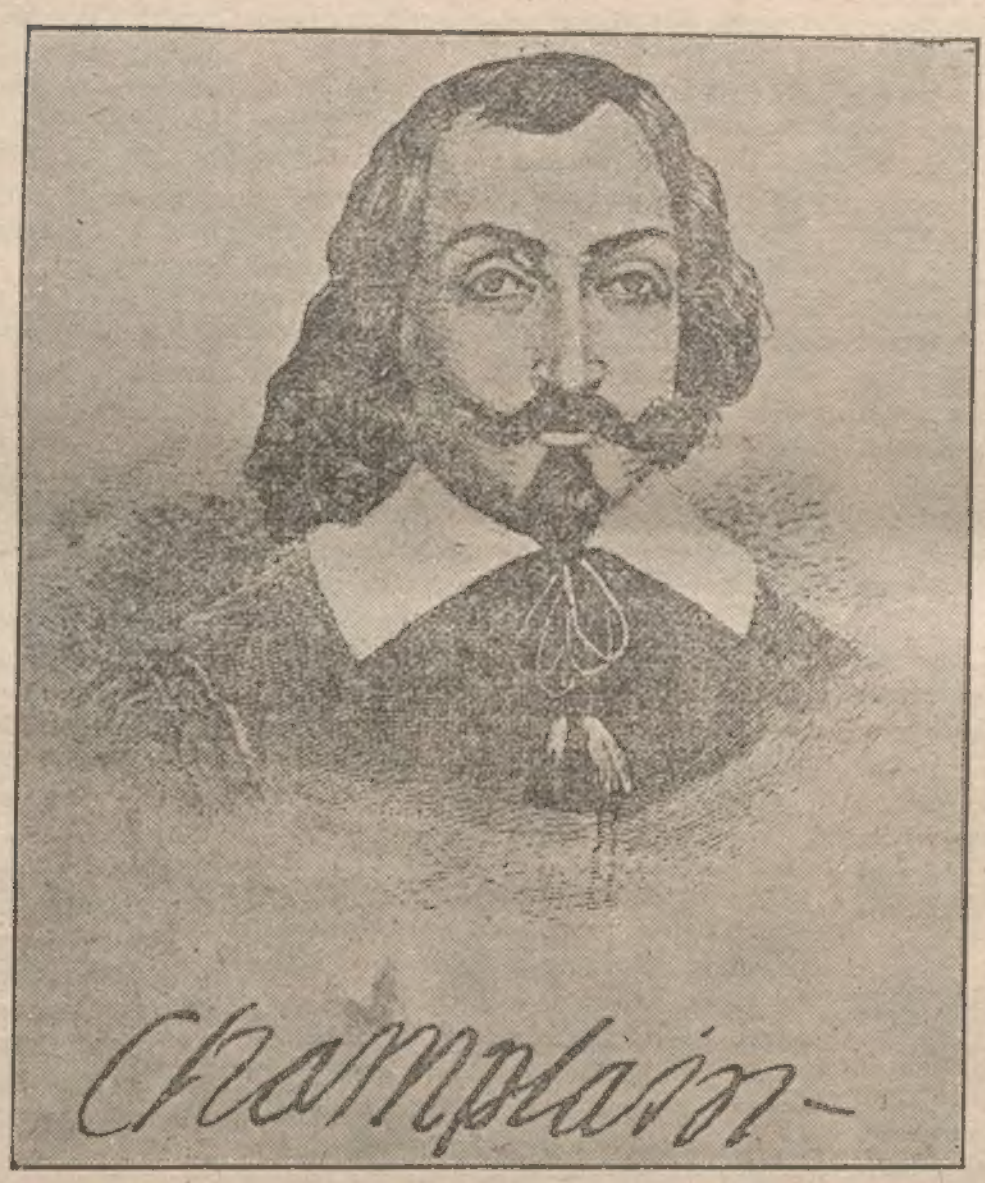
'I believe she meant we should not quarrel any more, Bob,' said Willie.

'I believe she did,' said Bob.

'Then we won't,' they said together; and these were the wisest words that they had spoken since the quarrel began. —Selected.

Mother Knows Best.

Mother knows better than you, little one,
What should be said and what should be done;
She has been over childhood's way,
Learning surely, day after day,
The best to be, to say, and to do—
And that is why mother knows better than you.



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..HOUSEHOLD..

A Mother's Family Prayer.

When we had laid the body of the husband and father to rest, and night grew apace, my three little fatherless boys, with eyes brimming with tears and voice trembling said: 'Oh, who will talk to Jesus every night for us now, mamma?' I felt my own nothingness, and could only breathe a prayer for help. As if in answer, I did, with great effort at self-control, 'tis true, read a few verses of the 130th Psalm, kneeling with my children and repeating the Lord's prayer together. Thus began, and has continued with unabated interest, our daily seeking the grace sufficient. The children do not seem to think it 'tiresome' when they all take part, asking questions which I try to answer the very best I can.—A Mother, in 'Christian Observer.'

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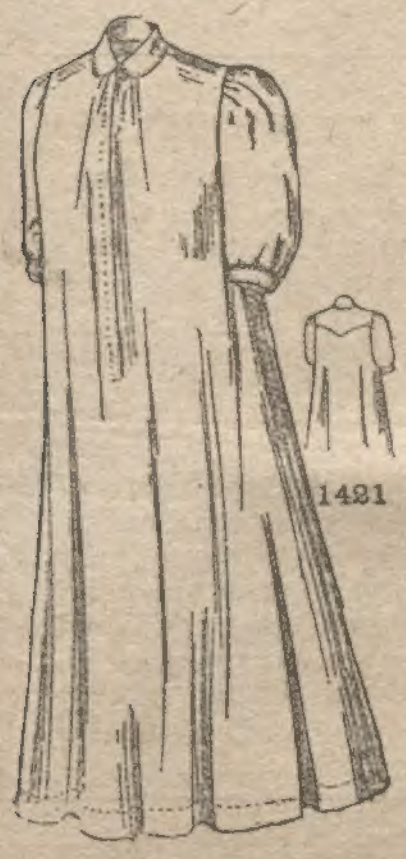

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